

## Confined

How do we amend a  
History of  
Violent death and cruelty  
The future looks  
                  Just as bleak  
It's hard to move forward when  
                  You can't see  
                  Glasses fogged by a mask  
The next current event,  
  unpredictable,  
Like a New Mexico forecast  
Texas froze over, is climate change believable yet?  
Reality is a twisted slum and I can't tell  
Which seam sews up the balance  
                  One tug  
And everything will unravel  
In another embodiment, maybe healing is feasible.  
Healing though, is ambiguous and faint,  
                  Like most terms are,  
Confined by language, it's too hard  
To write my mind out in lines  
Self-slaughter summed up in a  
                  Semicolon,  
                  Punctuation With a lethal undertone

My disposition is being circled by vultures  
'Got concrete underneath my  
  shoulder

Clouds contorting overhead  
A tiara of precipitation  
Thick breath mixed with condensation

You're not okay—I can see it,  
You have art on your arms,

That veneers too much, let's call it  
Self-harm.

I'm lucky, I have those who love me—  
Freedom of speech—freedom to  
Walk the streets without fearing police  
It's frustrating though,  
That there is caution tape around certain clothes  
And my right to abortion is under construction.  
Emotion is best at seduction—a prostitute used to prayers

Don't implore to people who won't listen—  
I'm begging you, things aren't okay.

Walk on in this tempest  
The kingdom still holds rein, everything's still  
Gratifying towards us in waves, even if the news  
Is played on a  
recited rotation

Moping has turned to coping in  
solitude and silence.

Hush the latest themes  
Behind a curtain, don't leave me with them please.

It's overwhelming to look out the window  
It's scary to walk alone  
It's the "Please pick up the phone"s

I don't know what to do.

Maybe if everyone sits on the ground  
Hate will stop its annotations

And minorities will finally breathe free.

It's selfish to say that, because  
Change can't be made from the floor

Nevertheless, I will revel in this lull.